The Lions

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Summary

WIll can not move, he does not remember where he is or how he ended here. He can only focus on the dark lion figures in front of him. Maybe he is dead and this is purgatory?

The first image Will remembered was the lions. The two massive and black lions that were standing on the other side of the room. His memory was fogged, he could not remember what had append last night or the one before. He could not move either, his body felt too heavy to be moved. He could not take his eyes away from the lions, could not bring himself to move his head to the other way. He could not hear a sound, only a faint buzzing that was taking over everything else as he was focusing on it. His eyes were open he was quite sure of that but he could not close them, not conscientiously, they sometimes blinked without his consent.

The realization struck him, maybe he was dead. He could remember the pain, he did not knew how nor why, but he knew he had been badly hurt. Was it that? When you die you stay locked in your body forever? It was worse that everything he could have imagine. He could feel his respiration grew erratic at the through. It was the start of a panic attack. But at the same time, it was a good news… You can not breath when you are dead right, that was meaning he was not. Or he was and the illusion of breathing was a trick of his dead mind.

He was still focused on the lions' head, their eyes were wide open as black as the rest of their bodies, but it seemed darker than the rest. They seemed to get larger and larger as he kept looking at them. Maybe that was the way his soul would go? If he had one anymore, after killing, lying and helping a murderer escape. Maybe this was his purgatory? But it should felt closer to him if that was it.

He saw a silhouette breaking his eye contact with the lions. It was wearing a red sweater, it was looking nice and comfy, probably made of nice wool. The silhouette knelled beside the bed and Will could now see its face blocking the lions. It was Hannibal. A brief feeling of relief passed through him before panic again. Was Hannibal dead too? Was he a sick image to helping him pass? He could see his lips moving but did not hear what he was saying behind the buzzing still in his ears.

He tried to concentrate harder on the lips, if he could not hear maybe he could still read them. He picked the words 'panic' and 'attack' before a negative move from his head. He then felt a hand on his shoulder shaking him. He started to ear again, "Will, you appear to have a panic attack. I need you to breath'. It was definitely Hannibal voice, so he tried to follow his breathing before mumbling: "I couldn't move". The hand passed from his shoulder to his head, stroking his hair. "It's okay. Probably just sleep paralysis. You are good, take your time to recover I stay with you".

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